Film MONTHLY REVIEW

9D

Vol. 6 No. 13 Incorporating British Film Review NOVEMBER, 1948

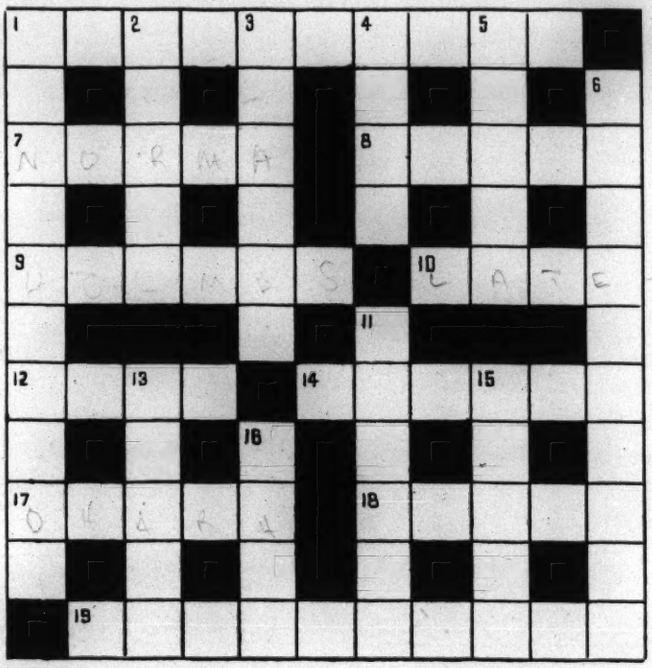
Featured in this issue:

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

FILM CROSSWORD No. 11

SOLUTION NEXT MONTH

Solution to Crossword No. 10 at foot of column



CLUES ACROSS

1. Former radio star who leapt to fame in "The Captive Heart" (4, 6).
7. Change Roman into first name of star of "Marie Antoinette" (5).
8. Wallace Beery was this to Jackie Cooper (5).
9. Famous Rathbone characterisation (6).
10. Apparently you can kick this star around! (4).
12. "The —— George Apley" (4).
14. First name of famous Stanwyck characterisation (6).
17. Thomas Mitchell was the head of this family in "Gone With The Wind" (5).
18. Joanna Godden had many of them apparently (5).
19. She played Mary in the early Kildare films (7, 3).

CLUES DOWN

1. Up and coming actress now playing in the Huggett Family films (4, 6).
2. First name of Diana Wynyard's husband sounds Christmassy (5).
3. A film script writer might be termed a story one (6).
4. Michael Redgrave was on this piece of thunder ground (4).
5. There's a lot of talent in this Romney (5).
6. Film composer best known for his work on "Wanted For Murder" (10).
15. The director usually looks this after the tenth re-take (5).
13. Seen on foreheads in costume films (5).
11. Bergner's and Bette Davis's had this life (6).
16. First name of rising Miss Morris (4).

CLUES ACROSS.—1, White Cargo. 6, Ned. 8, Myrna. 9, Arena. 10, Nether. 11, Star. 13, Able. 15, Arnhem. 18, Eythe. 19, Wager. 20, Nan. 22, Anna Neagle.

CLUES DOWN.—1, Woman Hater. 2, Enamel. 3, C.E. 4, Adam. 5, Great. 7, Barry Morse. 12, Browne. 14, Latin. 16, Hag. 17, Lena. 21, An.

HERBERT WILCOX

MARGARET LOCKWOOD

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ANTHONY KIMMINS

"Mine Own Executioner" stands as the criterion of Anthony Kimmins' energetic competence. Filmgoers will not be disappointed in his direction of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

ANTHONY KIMMINS was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, on November 10th, 1901.

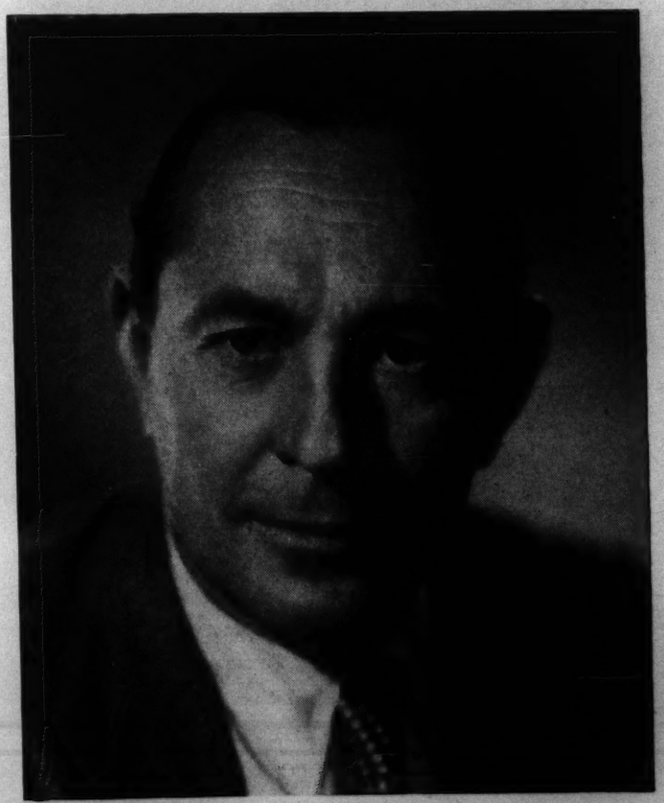
The three great loves of his life are all associated with the letter "S," for they are the Sea, the Stage and the Screen. And to judge by the outstanding successes he has achieved in all three, it can certainly be claimed that where he is concerned, salt water and grease paint certainly mix to good effect.

Tony—and all those who know him would no more think of calling him Anthony than the friends of Walt Disney would dream of addressing him as Walter—set his heart on becoming a Naval Officer, and having passed out from the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, he soon had plenty of opportunity to fulfil his wish. The Royal Navy was busy in those days and the young Kimmins gained experience apace.

Having served in battleships, destroyers and submarines, he later changed from an underwater to an above ground posting and became one of the first pilots and squadron commanders in the Fleet Air Arm. But it was not only theatres of operation that interested him. Indeed, his love of the live theatre was growing all the time, and much of what little leisure he had was devoted to writing and producing theatrical entertainments for the Fleet.

These shows, which bore the authentic mark of expert knowledge, soon attracted widespread attention both in the Service and beyond it, and it was during one of these productions which billed prominently the Eight Most Beautiful Girls to be found in Malta that the author-producer fell in love with, and later married, one of them. Her father, Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, was then Second-in-Command, the Mediterranean Fleet, so Tony Kimmins's interest in things theatrical served to forge yet another link between the Senior Service and the Stage.

Later, a broken back meant physical inactivity for a long period, but Tony is not one of those who regard bodily damage as an excuse for mental stagnation, and he got busy at the first possible moment writing for the professional stage. And it was typical of the man that instead of producing some *magnum opus* full of gloom, introspective and soul-searchings *à la Russe,* there came from the Kimmins sickroom a light-hearted laughter-maker entitled "While Parents Sleep." But even if parents slept, the critics and theatre-going public woke up and took notice that a new playwright had arrived, and the comedy ran for over two years in London's West End. It has



ANTHONY KIMMINS

been played since in every possible—and a few impossible—parts of the globe where English is spoken or understood, and thousands of members of amateur dramatic societies have had good cause to bless the name of Kimmins.

But there was that third "S" still waiting, and after retiring from the Royal Navy, Tony interested himself in the screen. Directing pictures was his ultimate goal, but it was typical of the man that before trying his prentice hand at such work, he determined to learn all that could be learned of the problems, difficulties and snags that confronted those whom he hoped later to direct.

Therefore, he played the lead in two pictures before, as he puts it, "telling the other chap how to do it."

Having started off by directing a large number of small films, he moved on to the feature class, and by 1939 he had been responsible for many of the record-breaking money-spinners which starred Gracie Fields and George Formby. Everything seemed set for a long, uninterrupted career as a film director, but across the North Sea there were men with different ideas, and when the inevitable happened and peace in our time became but a nostalgic memory, Tony called an abrupt halt to work in the studio.

The Fleet mobilised for the second World War, and Kimmins returned immediately to the Royal Navy. At first, he was engaged on Naval Intelligence work, and this was followed later by broadcasting. Within a very short time, his name became a household word as one of the leading commentators on naval affairs, and listeners grew to await with eagerness the next Kimmins broadcast. It was the warm humanity of his talks that appealed to a vast public hungry for every morsel of fact about the men who go down to the sea in ships, and these facts he supplied in full measure.

Technically, his material was meticulous. As a serving officer of wide experience, he brought a sure knowledge to all the factual parts of his broadcasts, but he did more. He showed us the British matelot as he really is, painting word pictures that were masterpieces of observation, accuracy and understanding. No wonder, then, that he found himself in every theatre of war and taking part in every major sea battle until hostilities ceased.

Later, as Chief of Naval Information in the Pacific, he saw the final eclipse of the Nippon sun, and with the end of the Japanese war, he finally returned to England determined to make more pictures. This event coincided with the formulation of Sir Alexander Korda's new production plans for London Films, and it was not long after the two men had got together that an agreement was reached whereby Kimmins's production company agreed to make a number of films for distribution by British Lion. And the first one he tackled was the screen version of Nigel Balchin's best-selling novel, "Mine Own Executioner," the cast of which included Burgess Meredith, Kieron Moore, Dulcie Gray, Barbara White and Christine Norden.

At the same time, he was finishing his autobiography, "Half Time," which deals with his life in the Royal Navy, his early film making and play writing, and his return to the Senior Service in 1939. Published in November, 1947, it sold like the proverbial hot cakes.

Speaking of his decision to film "Mine Own Executioner," he confesses: "I had no definite plans as to what subject I wanted for my first post-war picture, but I was absolutely determined on two things. Nothing on earth would make me deal with a psychological subject, and any story with a murder in it was out from the word 'go.' So, of course, the first thing I did after reading Nigel Balchin's book, in which psychology plays so big a part and which contains murder, was to decide that there was the very subject for my first picture!

"I just forgot to remind myself of those prejudices of mine, and went right ahead. There's nothing like having a convenient memory!"

And that is Anthony Kimmins to the life. Direct, hard-working, obstinately enthusiastic and a mighty hater of the smug and pretentious, he will gladly attempt to debunk even himself if he deems it right.

In which last, he attempts the impossible, for one cannot imagine a more genuine person than Anthony Kimmins.

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CUTTING - *without Tears*

Harry Wilson explains the duties and responsibilities of the film editor, and how a film can be made or marred by its cutting.

DAVID LEAN has observed that the toughest, most thankless job in the entire film business is that of film editor. And he should know; for close on ten years he was perhaps the best-known film editor in the business.

Film editors, or cutters as they are usually called, are the unsung heroes of the studios. Their chief grouse, and quite legitimately, is that too often the director gets all the credit for the film the audience sees in the cinema, whereas, by rights, some of it at least should be their's. The cutter's job is to take the thousands of feet of celluloid exposed in the making of the film, assemble them in the correct running order (film making being a curiously patchwork, piecemeal business, the end or middle scenes usually being taken first), and to run these collected strips through a projection machine at a speed of 24 frames (or separate images) per second.

To assemble the average film with its running time of approximately an hour and a half, the editor or cutter must wade through, sift, select and then prime again, anything up to half a million feet of film, or nearly a hundred miles of celluloid.

This formidable mass of celluloid, it is true, does not come in bulk, all at once. It would be a physical impossibility. It normally comes in cans from the laboratory, the results of the previous day's shooting—*rushes,* as they are called. Half this can be eliminated straight away, because many scenes will have been duplicated—shot again for a variety of reasons. The director, when he sees the rushes, decides which take or scene he prefers, and this the editor must incorporate in his final assemblage of material.

This is perhaps the point to explode one of the undying myths of the film industry: "The face on the cutting room floor." Often actors, and quite established ones who ought to know better, will tell harrowing stories of their best scenes being left on the cutting room floor; will even talk of being cut out of the film altogether. Now this does occasionally happen; but there is usually a good reason for it. But in actual fact, no film is wasted at all; every inch of exposed film is catalogued and filed away in tins in the storage vaults under a system of indexing every bit as comprehensive as that of any public library.

Of the fifty miles or so of film remaining, the editor really goes to work. As he cuts he will discard more footage, chiefly the beginnings and ends of scenes—the footage exposed by the camera before the director gives the cue to the actors to start or end a scene. This perhaps lops off another ten miles.

Of the forty miles or so that are left, this again automatically divides itself in half because the sound and the action of the same scene comes to the editor on separate strips of film. Thus, roughly twenty miles of film is the editor's final material. Out of this he must fashion the shape of the finished film that will either keep the audience glued to their seats or drive them out of the cinema. The editor's job is, then, quite a big responsibility, and small wonder that in the studios they frequently labour under a sense of grievance.

In the cutting room, the editor next examines every shot in detail on his editing machine. This consists of a sound head, through which the sound track can be run; and a picture head, through which the action can be run—both at the necessary speed of 24 frames per second. On this machine sound and action can either be run separ-

EVERYMAN

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D. W. GRIFFITH'S

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

A film that cannot be overlooked

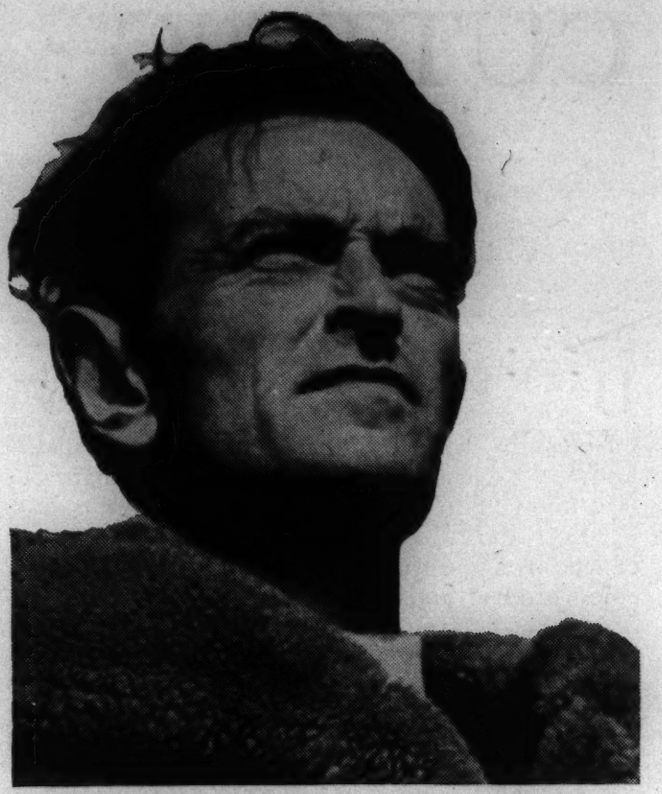
IN THE FOYER—Exhibition of stills illustrating the work of D. W. Griffith

ately or, by means of a simple coupling device, synchronously. After a preliminary run through of his separate strips, the editor decides where he is going to make his cuts, and makes them—with an ordinary pair of scissors. He then winds his cut pieces of sound and action through another machine called a synchroniser, which keeps sound and action in exact synchronisation with each other.

He then joins the separate pieces together, usually with paper clips, and winds them on spools which will take up to a thousand feet of film. Then he or his junior assistant join them together with film cement. This operation is done on a joining machine. The joining overlap, by the way, is fractionally small, about one thirty-second of an inch, but if done properly, the joint will take a terrific strain.

The rough-cut sequence is then ready for projection in the studio theatre before the producer, director, editor, and others connected with the production. In exceptional cases, these " rushes," particularly of what are called " ailing " productions, are highly confidential affairs, to which only the all-highest and those actually connected with the production are admitted.

It is only at this point, after the rough-cut has been joined and seen on the screen, that the real creative work of the film editor begins. Cutting is simply the joining together of the photographed material in the order indicated in the script. Editing is a much finer process altogether. From this point on the film will go backwards and forwards from the cutting room to the projection theatre perhaps half a dozen times, may be altered beyond recognition, may disappear altogether.



David Lean graduated to direction after ten years of outstanding film editing.

In the bad old days, expert film editors were often called in, rather like surgeon specialists, to operate on flabby films which had somehow become bogged down in their own muddle and ostentation, or had become the despair of the studio after the imported American director had hurriedly returned to Hollywood, and the expensive cast been scattered to the four winds. David Lean recalls that when he was editing *49th Parallel,* at one point he had to take out *three reels* from the picture.

Just as the director, while shooting random scenes, must keep the whole film in his mind's eye, so, too, must the film editor have this same long-term view of the finished film, must perceive what the director is trying to communicate, and from the evidence of the material before him, know whether he is succeeding. The responsibility for the fininshed picture is now shared equally between director and film editor. Armed with a copy of the shooting script, and very often the director's detailed shooting instructions besides, the editor sets to work on the celluloid

Book Guide

" Documentary 48 ", an anthology published by the Albyn Press, Edinburgh (2/6d.) gives a survey of the international development of the documentary and educational film ; some of these films are government sponsored, some privately produced. The second International Festival of Documentary Films at Edinburgh gave a clear pointer to the various trends of filming actuality and reality in science, art, architecture, and folklore. Britain produced a highly interesting film on Atomic Physics and a hypermodern film on new town architecture. In spite of the sober reality of the subjects, some national and local colour remains ; the British new towns look respectfully suburban like Welwyn ; the Argentine " Sleeping Villages " have the atmosphere of the hot lazy south à la Australasia, and the Danish and Swedish folklore films have all the austere and windswept colour of a Sibelius symphony. Who would not like to see films on the beauties of Ischia and Capri, the catacombs of Rome at the Via Appia, and the outstanding monuments and fountains of the great Bernini in the Eternal City. The style of the book is popular, not too technical and can be understood by everybody.

jigsaw rapidly accumulating around him, some pieces of which seem still to be missing, and others as though they didn't belong at all.

He must try and sort out the muddle if the development seems obscure, must come back to the film again and again with the fresh eye of the audience. Sometimes, by rearranging a shot or sequence by placing it half a reel earlier or later, he may be able to clarify a situation. In other words, he must see to it that the film tells a story in a logical and forthright manner intelligible to every member of the audience. Sometimes a serious dramatic flaw, or failure by the director to create or sustain the mood of a scene may mean drastic reconstruction throughout the length of the film; at other times he may add a close-up here and there, or call for additional material to be shot, or speed up a particular action sequence which seems to drag.

In other words he must impart rhythm to a sequence and indeed throughout the picture. This sense of rhythm is the one essential quality in an editor. In essence, cutting or editing is simply the means by which ideas are conveyed to the audience—aids to story telling. Generally speaking, in good editing, the audience is unconscious of a cut. Violent cutting is simply bad editing, however showy. It's the point a cut makes that counts.

Finally, somehow or other, after weeks and often months of hard work, the film finally makes sense. Everybody is satisfied, the producer congratulates the director (who may or may not congratulate the editor), the exhibition prints are run off from the master copy, the trade show is fixed, the Press invited. Simultaneously, the gala premiere takes place to the inevitable accompaniment of the usual hysteria and exploding flashlight bulbs. Next morning the editor picks up the newspaper and reads a glowing account of somebody's brilliant, "inspired" direction . . .

Small wonder, then, that most editors are only too anxious to aspire to direction at the earliest possible opportunity. David Lean is, of course, the most recent and notable example of an editor who graduated to direction with conspicuous success; so did Thorold Dickinson (whose exquisite *Gaslight* will be remembered) and Charles Frend, who made *Johnny Frenchman* and *Joanna Godden*. The latest recruit is Fergus McDonnell, editor of *The Way to the Stars*, and *Odd Man Out*, who has just made his debut as director in Anthony Havelock Allen's *The Small Voice*, starring Valerie Hobson.

So the next time someone suggests, with a slightly depreciatory air, that all there is to film editing is a sense of timing and a pair of scissors, don't believe them. There is a little more to it than that.

Foreign Films

BY A CORRESPONDENT

FILM ABOUT SIBERIA

Not long ago, if you remember, there was talk of an exchange of films between the Soviet Union and this country. Well, I now learn that some of the Soviet films are in Britain ready for showing whenever agreement is finally reached. Among these Soviet films is a musical romance in colour called "A Song of Siberia," which, according to a leading British film director who saw it, is technically interesting with a simple story of love among young people set against an enchanting background of a land which has aroused much comment here. Principal actors are Marina Ladinina and Vladimir Drouznikov as music students, and Vera Vasileva and Boris Andreev as the Siberian innkeeper's daughter and the local bus driver. The screenplay is a co-operative work by E. Pomeschikova and N. Rozshkova and the film is directed by I. Piryev. The music which plays an important part in this film was composed by N. Krukyov. I hope this film can be seen by lots of people because it can do more for friendship between the Russians and ourselves than speeches and books.

THREE INTERESTING FRENCH FILMS

Production is to commence at the beginning of December on what promises to be one of the greatest film projects of 1949. The film is provisionally called "During the Morning," and is based on "Eurydice," a well-known French book. The Universalai Company will seek the aid of internationally famous personnel.

Also in France, two well-known films are at present being remade. One is "La Maternelle," previously created by Benoit-Levy and Marie Epstein. It is now being filmed by Henri Diamant Berger, who also worked on the script. Changes have been made in the story and in the dialogue. The other film is "Trois Jours d'Amour," with Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda, and was previously known as "Mur des Mauvais Payeurs." It is being made in Genoa.

NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT BACKS FILMS

Result of a three-day conference on films at Trondheim has led to the Norwegian Government taking a share in the capital of the Norsk Film Company, the major feature production company in that country. This means that the municipalities of Norway, which already own most of the cinemas, will now be partners with the Government in the production of feature films, of which it is hoped to make five or six next year.

Norsk Films has just made its first picture since the war, "The Secret Apartment," which has been directed by Tancred Ibsen, descendant of the great dramatist of the same name. In it are well-known Norwegian players, Sonja Wigert and Ola Isene.

Film Fashions

THE THEME IS NORMALITY

With a forecast of future fashion Joy Peake indicates the present day drift of line and colour.

by Joy Peake

Dorville gives us this graceful three-piece.

* * *

A classic ensemble from the Ian Meredith collection.

SO much has been written about the "New Look" since its first appearance that we are all rather tired of the phrase and even "The Look"! A new fashion trend is always exaggerated, otherwise it would never achieve notoriety. There were, however, some women who "went to town" in too big a way! Long full skirts, peplums, and bonnets were worn indiscriminately, regardless of whether the style was becoming to their own particular type. The result in many cases produced a "fancy dress" effect anything but chic.

This was of course a perfectly natural reaction from years of austerity, and its advent was a certainty. Contrary to belief (usually masculine), designers do *not* dictate what women shall wear! They are sensitive to the signs of the times (the fashion barometer) and provide what women really want.

Now, after the storm has subsided and the "look" is launched, there is a period of calm, and it has found its level at last in a modified line, dignified and graceful, without all the flamboyancy of the early stages. There remains now a basic line, but many styles to suit all figures.

The Dorville suit illustrated is simple and practical. The skirt falls in sedate fullness below the little petal basqued jacket. It has a matching over-jacket, Canadienne style, and is made in bronze-red and dark coppery brown British tweed; a lovely complement to falling leaves of late autumn. Worn with one of the new tent coats or full belted top coats it will carry you through the winter months.

The return of the classic tailor-made is shown in the two-piece by Ian Meredith. The longer jacket and straighter skirt, always elegant, is in dove grey with a smooth fitting cherry coat lined with grey to tone.

We see then, suits returning to the classic tailleur for country and more formal wear, but there are many with wider skirts too. Some have fullness at the back alone, and others are kilted or with pleats placed at intervals. Skirt lengths vary a good deal, dipping below calf for formal occasions and averaging at mid-calf and even shortening to calf level for sports wear.

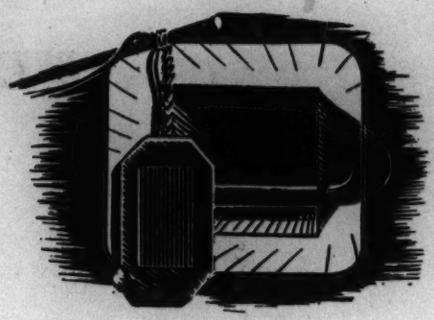
Colours are rich and muted this season and there will be many shades of brown and russet, teamed with black, mulberry, dark green and Victorian purple. Blue-black and blue-green will be among the first favourites to take the place of black.

Viewing the horizon of fashion we should look forward to an exciting season with a variety of subtle shades and styling from which to make a choice.

The waistline is the one point remaining static at the moment. It is noticeable that in times of political stress the waist has been anywhere but central. Let us hope that the Empire line (linked with the Napoleonic wars) which is trying to creep in from over the Channel, will be held at bay, or better still, enjoy only a short-lived popularity, and then back to normal!

Prefabricated Sound

by Harry Wilson



Readers are let into some of the secrets of the sound track wizardry which takes place in film studios.

THE announcement that the voice of Michael Wilding has been sweetened to the taste of American filmgoers, must have aroused considerable surprise and not a little curiosity among filmgoers. Mr. Wilding's voice not being pleasing to audiences of the mid-West, the enterprising distributors of the film arranged that an American actor should substitute his more homely accent for Mr. Wilding's on the sound track. Technically, the trick is simple enough, but it brings into prominence a practice quite common in the studios which publicity, for obvious reasons, prefers to keep dark, and which few filmgoers know anything about.

In the infancy of the cinema, it used to be a commonplace to say that the camera couldn't lie. But, of course, it did, and audiences soon came to realise that what with the split-screen, back-projection, and what not, things were very far from being what they seemed, and the peril of the heroine in the path of the oncoming train was, to say the least, somewhat exaggerated. The uncrowned kings of the silent studios were the trick photographic experts. It would be equally true to-day to say that the sound engineers and technicians have quietly but firmly elbowed their elder brothers from this position of unchallenged supremacy.

These sound wizards—the men who record dialogue, music, and all other incidental noises demanded by the script—are the new back-room boys of film production. If the late John Gilbert had lived in the days of sound surgery, he need not have retired because of that reedy voice of his. The engineers would simply have given him another one more in keeping with his romantic appearance.

Filmgoers would get a shock if they knew the number of idols whose voices don't belong to them. The idea had its origins in the days when, after a particularly tricky bit of shooting, the director found that one of the actors had moved too far out of mike range for his words to be audible. It was much easier to get the actor to repeat his dialogue and have the sound men dub this on the main track afterwards. This led, later, to the process of post-recording, now widely practised both in this country and in Hollywood. Of course, the idea has so many advantages over the old system of simultaneous recording. First there is the economic factor. In a big studio overhead expenses are colossal. The old method often entailed endless delays while the sound operators tried to do impossible things with the mike boom and still keep it out of the picture. Now, while the picture takes are being shot, the microphone can be stuck away in a corner with no fear of mike shadows. During the performance the dialogue is recorded on a guide track. Later, when the picture takes are safely in the can, the cast can be assembled in a small sound-recording studio where overheads are only nominal. Here the guide track is run through, and the artists repeat their lines for the final track of the picture. After one or two playbacks of the guide track, the artists find they have no difficulty in recapturing the tempo and mood of the original dialogue. It is as easy as that, and what's more, it is quite impossible for an audience to spot the deception.

continued on page 10.

LA CONTINENTALE

Presents

La Fille Du Diable

(THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER)

with PIERRE FRESNAY

English Sub-Titles

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.

BONNY PRI

PREVIEWED BY FILM MONTHLY REVIEW • A LONDO

" My heart is sair, I dare not tell
My heart is sair for SOMEBODY.
I would walk a winter's night
For a sight of SOMEBODY."

* * *

IN 1745 Louis XV of France, eager to attack George II of England, offered to provide Charles Edward with ships and men. It was the moment the young and patriotic prince, exiled to Rome with his father, James III, had been waiting for.

But luck was not with Charles. The fleet was wrecked by a storm and Charles landed alone. Unabashed, however, he sent a shepherd to summon the Highland chieftains. These were dismayed to find that the prince had arrived with but one ship and no soldiers. But his burning enthusiasm and their undying loyalty swayed even these old men. A meeting place was chosen for all the loyal clans to gather. The royal standard was raised once more in the Highlands, and a new and courageous army, headed by Charles and Lord George, one of the finest professional soldiers, marched into Edinburgh. Crowds cheered and hailed him, as the last of the Stuarts came home. But gaiety and romance came to an end with the news that the English had camped near Prestonpans, the moment Charles had been waiting for. Victory after victory followed for young Charles and Lord George, accompanied by the skirling of pipes and kilted, enthusiastic Highlanders until they reached Derby. But here the struggle between Charles and Lord George, which had long been tense, came to a head. Lord George thought it time to retreat, but Charles, as enthusiastic as ever, wanted to march right into London. Lord George's opinion won, all the commanders followed him, and Charles' army was sadly and hopelessly scattered in the massacre of Culloden. The young prince, bitterly disappointed, went into hiding. English soldiers searched every village and town, many a loyal Highlander's home was burnt, but no one gave away the prince.

Finally, after many narrow escapes, dressed as a woman servant, Charles managed to escape. But the Scots never ceased to believe that their Bonnie Prince Charlie would one day return home as their king.

* * *

" Will you no' come back again ?
Will you no' come back again ?
Better lo'ed you'll never be,
And will you no' come back again?"

" YE'LL TAKE A DRAM?"
A shepherd (Moorland Graham) offers his flask to Prince Charles (David Niven), whose identity is unknown to him.

CH R
TL
The pr n a
Charle t
read a da

THE ENGLISH ARE FORC
CHANGE THEIR TACT
As Charles is nearing the English border rapidly rg
Miller) tells his Prime Minister (G. H. Mulcaste as
son, the Duke of Cumberland, to take ove m
English army.

ICE CHARLIE

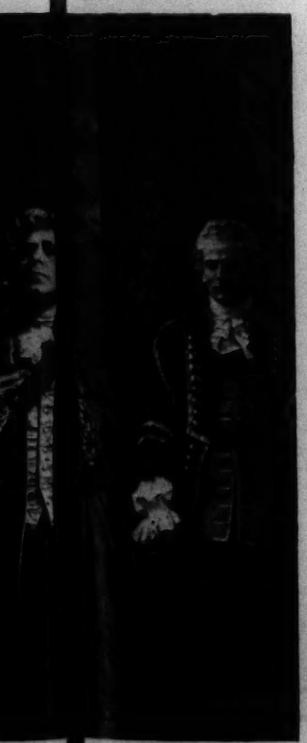
OLM PRODUCTION • DIRECTED BY ANTHONY KIMMINS

CH REGENT OF TLAND

he pr n appointing Prince harle t of Scotland, is ead a dard pole is raised.

THE MOMENT BEFORE BATTLE

Tense, but confident in their leader, Prince Charles, the Highland troops wait for a signal to start their courageous attack on the English camp at Prestonpans, the first of a series of fierce but glorious battles.



FORC TACT

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CONFESSION OF A BRAVE SOLDIER

Lord George Murray admits to Prince Charles after the defeat of Culloden that his tactics were wrong throughout.

THE FIRST PEACEFUL MOMENT

The shepherd, Flora Macdonald (Margaret Leighton) and Prince Charles arrive at Skye after their narrow escape.

PREFABRICATED SOUND *continued from p.7*

Naturally, this lends itself to all sorts of other aesthetically legitimate (and illegitimate) devices to serve the purpose of the film maker. For instance, the sound engineers can always graft a high C onto a singer's voice if the singer isn't up to it. Without naming names, it does explain why so many singers who apparently possess flawless and resonant voices when heard in the cinema, often sound dismally inadequate on the concert platform or on a gramophone record.

Of course, practically every filmgoer realises by now how few screen singers actually possess the voices by which we know them. But I wonder how many filmgoers have any idea of the number of other occasions on which their ears deceive them, so to speak. Consider a scene in a recent film: the garrison dance in John Ford's *Fort Apache*. A small orchestra, comprising at the most five or six players, achieves a volume and standard of playing possible only to a full-scale professional symphony orchestra. Obviously a case of musical post-recording; but how much more realistic it would have been to make them play slightly off-key, or in that slapdash fashion which is the hall-mark of the amateur performance. Such scenes as this, involving an orchestra are usually shot silent, and the music, and other sounds, are dubbed in afterwards. So it is with all scenes in which a solo instrumentalist or singer or ventriloquist appears. When Harry James or some other fabulous instrumentalist goes through the excruciating motions of playing his instrument, he is really only mumming. The actual music is recorded later, independently, and at leisure.

Newsreels, apart from an occasional speech by a prominent politician or other public figure, when microphones are very much in evidence on the great man's desk, disguised as a vase of flowers or an ornamental ink-stand, employ the methods of post-recording extensively. All sounds, from the roar of the crowd at Wembley to the thunder of guns in a naval engagement, are invariably the products of the sound laboratory, which has at its disposal an extensive library of "stock" recorded sounds (the equivalent of the visual library shot) to suit every occasion.

Other sounds invariably added in the recording studio are the rhythm of the tap-dancer's shoes, the hoof-beats of horses, footsteps, mob cries, bells (telephone and door: haven't you ever marvelled at such miraculous timing?), revolver shots (a real one would blast the delicate recording instruments out of existence), and all scenes filmed in the open air. There are several very good reasons for this last instance, however. Sound equipment is heavy and cumbersome, and far too delicate and expensive to trail around out-of-doors, and anyway, extraneous sounds have a habit of creeping in. Exteriors, except under very exceptional circumstances, are photographed "silent," and dialogue or other sounds added afterwards in the recording studio under ideal conditions. Have you ever thought why all cars sound the same on the screen? The simple reason is that what you hear is not the sound of the car at all. Once, long ago, sound engineers discovered that the noise of an actual motor car engine does not record well. Instead they used the sound of an aero-engine ticking over, and so it has remained to this day.

There are all sorts of other intriguing revelations arising out of this post-synchronisation business, but I am sworn to secrecy. Film companies and the artists themselves naturally prefer that audiences retain at least some of their illusions, and I quite agree. The dangers of a little knowledge are proverbial, and although it gives me a great deal of malicious pleasure to know that what's-his-name, the romantic, torso-conscious heart-throb, has a voice like Donald Duck, I for one believe that if we learn too many of the tricks of the trade, we shall quickly become the generation of disenchanted filmgoers. And I should hate to be that.

★

Star of the Month

★

MARGARET LEIGHTON

Margaret Leighton, who has come to the film fore through her performance in "The Winslow Boy," will be playing the feminine lead in "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

With her heart set on acting, she made her first stage appearance at 16, in Birmingham, and after a period in repertory and on tour, she succeeded in getting a hearing from John Burrell, chairman of the Old Vic Company; the impression she made on him resulted in his going to Birmingham to watch her play in "Viceroy Sarah"—taking with him Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson. He was not disappointed, and offered her leading parts in the Old Vic productions. In 1946 she went to America with the Company, then Paris, and finally signed up with London Films on a seven-picture basis.

FILM REVIEWS

SLEEP MY LOVE

SLEEP MY LOVE is another one of those American films where a husband tries to get rid of his wealthy wife by very long and roundabout means, sending her off into comas and long train journeys. The three main actors, Don Ameche, Claudette Colbert and Robert Cummings are all so good and agreeable to watch that they make the film a rather pleasant affair. The whole picture is more of a time-killer than anything else, but it is amusing and at times exciting. It is the kind of film when you know what's coming but don't mind knowing it.

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

TOWARDS the end of this film the elderly "highbrow" critic, a few seats away from me, gave a nervous little giggle. Then, triumphantly seizing her handbag, she pulled out a pencil and feverishly began scribbling. One of the characters had said: "It's all bunk; it's sacrilegious."

This was what she had been waiting for. How apt! How very clever and cynical she would appear to her readers.

Now, personally, I liked this film. Admittedly, there were several lapses in taste—the most notable, some blatant propaganda for The American Way of Life. But on the whole I think it was a sincere attempt to show that in almost every human being there is a longing for self-expression, a craving for beauty, a love of genuine goodness.

The story is that of a modern Joan of Arc—sensitively portrayed by the Italian actress, Valli. And here let me say that for once the publicity boys have not exaggerated; Valli is something that is very, very rare on the screen—a combination of fine beauty, character and intelligence. As Olga Treskovna, a miner's daughter, she symbolises the hopes and secret aspirations of the impoverished people of grimy little Coaltown, in Pennsylvania. From a struggling dancer she becomes the star of a Hollywood—here bravely burlesqued—picture, "Joan of Arc."

But because Olga dies on completion of the film, the producer refuses to release it for exhibition. The public, he says, would feel cheated if they had an unknown star—now dead—foisted upon them. However, his press agent, Bill Dunnigan (Fred MacMurray) puts into practice a daring plan—the churches of Coaltown ring their bells continuously for three days and for three nights. The attendant publicity and the fact that the effigies of two saints actually turn towards Olga's coffin—hence the "miracle"—finally force the producer to show the film.

Far from the bell sequence being in bad taste, I found this an excellent satire on The American Way of Life. And in case you should find it far-fetched: at the moment of writing, a report from New York tells me that young girls—"debutantes"—are now dyeing their hair in "the two most fashionable colours"—grey and silver!

SARABAND FOR DEAD LOVERS

TECHNIQUE never is enough. No matter how vivid the Technicolor, how clever the photography, no film can live without a heart. And *Saraband for Dead Lovers,* I'm sorry to say, is a completely heartless film. Despite the not inconsiderable efforts of Count Stewart Granger and Princess Joan Greenwood, this film fails to arouse a spark of human sympathy. But I exaggerate. I did feel pity. I felt it for that great French actress, Françoise Rosay, whose talents were so criminally wasted.

Yet this film comes to us from Ealing Studios. It was made by Sir Michael Balcon. Now, not so very long ago, Michael Balcon, the man who has given us such films as *Nine Men, San Demetrio—London,* and *The Captive Heart,* had this to say to a group of film technicians:

"People like, and are interested in, good films, hate and are bored by bad films. It is the intrinsic quality and not the background of a film that interests them."

And now he gives us this historical hotch-potch.

Really, Sir Michael!

THE BLIND GODDESS

THE BLIND GODDESS is a sincere, well directed and acted film. The subject as a whole is perhaps rather more suitable for the stage than for the screen, court trials always making rather heavy film scenes. The main characters, Eric Portman and Michael Denison are convincingly portrayed and acted. On the whole the film is worth seeing, if only because it is a straight-forward and well executed picture.

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Studio Personalities

FILM EXTRAS

In a practical survey of their lives and work Paul Nugat dispells some of the romance which surrounds the film extra.

£2 2s. per day "all in." That is the minimum pay of the film extra to-day, for standing or sitting about in crowd scenes, looking debonnair or downcast, wearing a smile or a frown.

On the surface, the work may sound more varied and exciting than the run of jobs in a factory or office; the pay has the honeyed tinkle of easy money. At least, men and women in all stations of life have thought so; the easy money and the glamour of appearing before the movie camera and bright studio lights has tempted many from the comparative security of their occupations. In particular, boys and girls with a fervent belief in their acting abilities and with dreams of stardom running through their heads, have seen in the profession of extra player, the back-door to eventual "discovery" and fame.

Few of them drift for long under the impetus of these dreams. The lesson most quickly learnt is that £2 2s. per day does not add up to ten guineas a week. True, some of the worst hazards of irregular employment, which still existed at the beginning of the year, are disappearing through the increased film production of the British industry. In fact, the Film Casting Association and other agencies, which handle the interests and employment of film extras, have known days when they have been hard put to it to meet studio demands. Another reason for the occasional shortage of film extras is due to a large comb-out of adventurers and the work-shy, which took place earlier in the year, in answer to the appeal from the Ministry of Labour for an increased labour force for our essential industries.

Even so, the law of supply and demand has its own peculiar problems in the film world. The working schedule in film production is more easily thrown out of gear than in factory production. A high proportion of films demand some filming in the open air under a blue sky and bright sun. Reflect on the summer we have just had, and enough has been said to explain the unforeseeable delays, due to this one factor alone. How does a delay of this nature affect the living of a film extra? Well, let us look at the system of employment. The film extra answers the call to attend an audition. When a large crowd of ordinary extras are required, a casting director comes down from a studio, studies a sea of faces, and selects them according to his needs. His needs are determined by the script, which may call for foreign types, spivs, cockneys, agricultural workers, fat people, thin people, gentry or working class. The successful candidates register their names and addresses (and their all-important telephone numbers) produce their union cards, which have to be payed up before they can enter a studio, and are then given the approximate date

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on which they can expect to be called. Here enters the element of luck. The film, for which they have been selected, may give them work from one day to three weeks. Furthermore, it often happens that a period of no earning is followed by simultaneous demands for extras from several studios. The Film Casting Association and the agencies aim to spread all available work as fairly as possible among its members; and above all, to put an end to favouritism and nepotism, which has been instrumental in causing much bad feeling in the past. It is a sincere objective—the golden light destined never to be reached. For film projects will continue to be abandoned for one reason or another. And film extras will continue to bear their disappointment with a philosophy worthy of the tradition long established by theatrical showmanship. While we are on the subject of obstacles confronting the film extra, we might consider the vexed matter of clothes rationing, and its particular effect on their livelihood. As you may know, all our major studios have large wardrobes with impressive arrays of period costumes. Much as they would like to, they cannot provide film extras with dinner suits and evening dresses and the accessories essential to a smart crowd on the grand occasion. So the younger film workers are faced with the dilemma of providing themselves with these articles out of their private clothing coupons or foregoing their chance to increase their earnings as "smart" crowds; the older artistes are hardly better off, as they see their pre-war finery show evidence of too much service.

I have tried to find out on what the film extra lives during the slack periods. It is a topic not altogether favoured by these friendly, talkative folk, who are far keener to tell you of the films they have appeared in, and to prove the accuracy of their statements by producing tattered photographs from a miscellany of obscure magazines. Of the married ones, it is usual for one in the partnership to hold a steady job. The unmarried are, naturally, the worst off. Some are in trade in a small way, and some turn a hand to any kind of temporary job. A few of them assure you with a smile, that they have private incomes and only work for the sake of their creative urges, or, because the film industry would be the poorer without them. And some just smile at the question and the questioner, and leave the rest to the imagination. There are some sad case histories amongst them. Men and women whose names and reputations added up to something in the silent film days. But I reserve my pity for the young men and women who are misguided enough to believe that one day a discerning director is bound to discover their hidden acting abilities, and will give them a chance to flower. To my knowledge, there are no statistics to show how many screen actors and stars have emerged from the ranks of film extras. But I am prepared to wager that the compilation of such figures would be enough to snuff their youthful optimism.

Meanwhile, if the tedium of your occupation has sometimes driven you to flirt with the idea of becoming a film extra, you would be wiser to think again. If you must gamble, a sixpenny stake on a football pool is a sounder investment than staking your whole career.

Documentary Film News

THE conception of organised documentary as we know it to-day, is generally credited, and not without reason, to Great Britain. It should be remembered, however, as both Tallents and Grierson have frequently emphasised, that Britain owes a debt to the Soviet Union in this respect. The influence of Eisenstein and Pudovkin, and more particularly of Viktor Turin and Dovjenko, on British documentary was, in the movement's formative days, immense. It was Russia, too, which first pointed the way to the nation-wide use of the cinema as a public service in the realm of fundamental education. Latterly too little has been seen of the factual films made in the U.S.S.R. Although a handful of films of high cultural or scientific interest have been exported, and although a fair number of war-time documentaries went from Britain to Russia, a much wider exchange of films (and of opinions) is needed if a proper comparison between the developments of the two countries is to be made.

Organisationally speaking, there is little doubt that the most penetrating and elaborate film information services in the world to-day are to be found in the U.S.S.R. and Britain—though here a third country must be added—Canada. The Canadian system steps directly from the British, but it has been largely re-developed and redirected to meet the particular needs of the Dominion. By Specialising its programmes for the different communities and interests of the country, the National Film Board has probably gone farther in the direction of meeting audience needs than any other organisation in the world to-day.

The above is an excerpt from "Documentary '48," published by the Albyn Press, 42, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, 2. A review of the book appears elsewhere in this issue.

GUY MORGAN
Favours original stories for the screen

Concluding a series of articles, Robert Hirst strengthens his plea for more credit to go to the screenwriters, and discusses two of our leading men in this field.

TED WILLIS
The writer with a social conscience

THE SCREENWRITERS

GUY MORGAN

GUY MORGAN is one of the many screenwriters to come from Fleet Street; for five years prior to the war he was the film critic of the "Daily Express."

If you should ask him why he now writes *for* the films, he will laugh and tell you with typical Morgan humour:

"A war wound to my left arm made it impossible for me to clap. This, of course, destroyed my livelihood as a film critic. And so, in the confusion immediately following the outbreak of peace I slipped through the enemy lines and became a screenwriter."

Guy Morgan, 40, was born in Swansea, educated at Haileybury College, and Oxford, where he obtained an honours degree in Classics. It was intended that he should become a schoolmaster; but Guy had other plans. In 1931 he became a reporter for the Manchester "Evening Chronicle." His ability was quickly recognised and in a very short while he had reached Fleet Street, as a reporter and feature writer for the "Daily Express." It was in 1935 that he was appointed film critic; he sat through 2,000 films in those five years and "always managed to weep in the right places."

You have to really urge Guy before he seriously tells you how he first became a screenwriter. Coincidence, it seems, played no small part. In 1943, Lieutenant Guy Morgan, R.N.V.R., was captured while enjoying himself in a fishing schooner a mere 200 miles or so behind the enemy lines, just off the Yugoslav coast. At about this time Lady Michael Balcon, then working in the P.O.W. section of the Red Cross, was persuading her producer husband to make a film about British prisoners of war; Sir Michael finally bought an original story by Pat Kirwan, yet another Fleet Street man. This story dealt with repatriation. And this is where Guy came in. For a whole year he had been amusing himself in a P.O.W. camp; one of his arms was encased in plaster, the other was busily writing a book—one of the two novels he has to his credit. However, in 1944 he was repatriated, just in time to collaborate with Angus MacPhail on the script of *The Captive Heart*.

"For a screenwriter on his very first assignment," says Guy, "I was in a most happy position. As the only repatriated prisoner present, I was able to argue my point with undisputed authority."

On demobilisation, Morgan returned to the "Daily Express." But after two months he resigned and was given a two-years contract by Sir Alexander Korda.

Morgan wrote the original story and screenplay for the much-criticised—but profitable—*Nightbeat*. He collaborated with Julien Duvivier on the screenplay of *Anna Karenina*. And he also wrote the original story for the British National film, *Counterblast*.

During this period Guy Morgan took to fighting

once again—this time on behalf of the screenwriters. He has been a most persistent propagandist for these " draughtsmen " of the films; his witty and forceful articles have appeared in magazines both here and in Hollywood. From 1946-7 he was the honorary secretary of the Screenwriters' Association. And he was one of the founders of the Screenwriters' Club—the first official meeting place for those engaged in the creative side of the British film industry.

Guy Morgan has very strong feelings about the art of the screenwriter :

The screenwriter, he says, is different from the novelist and the dramatist in that he must deal primarily in emotions. Every screenwriter should have de Maupassant's advice printed over his desk :—

" Console me, sadden me, touch me, make me dream, laugh, shudder and weep."

To which Morgan would add, " and send me home happy."

For emotion is the language—the universal language—of the film. And whatever his country, the screenwriter who neglects to use this language will very soon find his audiences deserting him.

Guy Morgan believes there is a definite future in screenwriting; but only for those who can write original stories.

TED WILLIS

" Truth will out." And so will genuine talent. There is no more irrefutable proof of this than the career of Ted Willis, playwright, screenwriter, journalist and novelist. For Ted Willis was educated at the University of Life; before he seriously took to creative writing he was, among other things, a baker's roundsman, newsboy, programme seller at greyhound tracks, shop assistant, vehicle builder, bakelite moulder, journalist and youth organiser.

His interest in the theatre was first aroused in 1940; while he was serving in the Army, Ted, then 24, wrote and produced a successful pantomime. He also played the leading lady !

It was on his discharge from the Forces that Ted Willis began writing for a living. Naturally, most of us associate him with the theatre; several of his ten full-length plays and all of his six one-act pieces were produced by London's Unity Theatre; the second play he wrote, " Buster," had the distinction of appearing at the Arts Theatre; the formation of the professional group at Unity Theatre—until then the Mecca for fervent amateurs—was Ted's work; and in this theatre he personally produced eight plays, sending one of them, Clifford Odets' " Golden Boy," on a tour of the mining areas.

But Ted Willis has also done much work for the radio. For two years he was one of the writers of " The Robinson Family "; his own contribution to this series amounted to over 200 scripts. He has written for " Transatlantic Call " and " Focus." He launched the serial, " Mrs. Dale's Diary "—using the pen-name of John Bishop. And six of his plays have been broadcast by the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Ted Willis began screenwriting in 1943. In just one year he wrote between 25 and 30 documentaries, including the full-length War Office film, *Call Up*.

In 1944 he turned to feature films. Since then he has worked on *The Captive Heart, Holiday Camp, Good Time Girl*—his own screenplay, *A Boy, a Girl and a Bike,* and *The Huggets Abroad*.

But far from deserting the theatre, Ted Willis founded—and edits—our most important theatre magazine, " New Theatre." This monthly is read by all who wish to see a virile British theatre playwrights, producers, stars, repertory actors, chorus girls, and, of course, those tortured thousands—the intelligent theatre-goers.

His latest play, " No Trees in the Street," after a great success on tour, " flopped " badly in London; unfortunately, its presentation coincided with the West End theatre slump. However it is now on tour again and, " It's doing very well," Ted tells me.

This writer with a social conscience is always striving to better the standards of all people, including the artist; Ted Willis is a member of the Executive Committee of both the Screenwriters' Association and the League of Dramatists. He was also the secretary of the highly successful British Theatre Conference.

As the years pass we shall see the cinema and the theatre functioning as places of really adult entertainment.

Not a little of the credit for this will be due to Ted Willis.

A FINAL WORD

And now, in conclusion, I would speak strongly.

For far too long, far too many hack journalists —probably with uncles and fathers-in-law in Wardour Street—have been posing as screenwriters. Many of these people are so completely devoid of talent that they are unfitted even to be journalists. They must go—quickly. They must make way for young writers with truly creative faculties. For as Guy Morgan, himself a man of vivid imagination, has said :

" The future in screenwriting lies with those who can write original film stories—the real screenwriters."

To this I would add :—

And so does the future of the British film industry.

CARDBOARD CAVALIER

A simple, clever "revamp" by Art Director Carmen Dillon saved valuable material on *Cardboard Cavalier*. Down by the River Colne, which runs through Denham Studio grounds, she built a castle exterior complete with drawbridge for the scenes showing Sid Field, as Sidcup Buttermeadow, arriving to deliver a secret message on behalf of King Charles II. The addition of a new door, and three flags made the setting suitable for use as a Tower of London exterior for scenes with Oliver Cromwell (Edmund Willard) and his Roundheads. The set was erected, incidentally, near the site where another famous British film-scene was shot—the drowning of Ophelia in *Hamlet*.

EALING GOES TO PIMLICO

Stepping into Ealing Studios' largest sound stage these days is rather like going into a London Underground station. The studio is occupied by a full-scale replica of a District Line train for scenes in Michael Balcon's new comedy, *Passport to Pimlico*, which Henry Cornelius is directing. These sequences are somewhat akin to the present situation in Berlin. A section of Pimlico is cut off from the rest of London. In retaliation, the inhabitants hold up the Underground trains which pass through the area, demanding to see the travellers' passports and examining their cases for dutiable goods.

The chances are that in 1968 fans will be seeing theatre advertisements for "Tarzan and his Grandchildren," Tarzan, who has been going strong on the screen for a period of thirty years, is due to keep going for another twenty so long as his popularity holds out. Sol Lesser, who has just finished *Tarzan and the Mermaids*, with Johnny Weissmuller, and the twenty-fifth in the series, *Tarzan's Magic Fountain*, with Lex Barker as the new Tarzan, has taken option on rights of the Edgar Rice Burrough's character for the next twenty years.

RECONSTRUCTING HITLER'S DEATH

The first attempt by Hollywood to recreate the dramatic end of Adolph Hitler and Eva Braun, has taken place at Universl-International Studios during the filming of *Rogues' Regiment*, which stars Dick Powell, Marta Toren and Vincent Price. The film scene was shot just a little more than three years after the actual event on April 30th. 1945. From army photographs, a description by Hitler's chauffeur, and from photographs made by art director Gabriel Scognamillo in Berlin, director Robert Florey recreated in exact detail the burning of the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun, just as it took place in the bomb-blasted garden within the Reich Chancellery. Martin Bormann, highest ranking Nazi below the Fuehrer, who was sentenced to death in his absence at the Nuremburg War Trials, and who is believed to be still alive by allied intelligence officers who continue to search for him, is a key figure in *Rogues' Regiment*.

THE FILM FROM DOWNUNDER

BACK again from Australia, director Harry Watt is now faced with the task of reducing 180,000 feet of film negative to approximately 10,000 feet. The amount of film shot on his latest Australian production for Ealing Studios runs to 33 hours of viewing time. The film is *Eureka Stockade*, which is by far the most spectacular film yet shot in Australia—an exciting, authentic story of the Australian gold rush of the 1850s which led to the foundation of the democracy that Australia enjoys to-day.

WILD WEATHER DELAYS PRODUCTION

The production of Ealing's first all-location film in the British Isles, Michael Balcon's *Whisky Galore*, is proving to be one of the most difficult tasks film-makers have yet had to face. The whole of the film is being made on the Hebridean isle of Barra—and this is the worst weather known in the Hebrides for over twenty years. For five weeks or more, it has been raining and blowing sixty miles an hour gales.

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A CHILDRENS CORNER

A film to which you can safely take your parents is "Under The Frozen Falls." With young people playing leading parts, this is an exciting mystery, with many funny moments.

DAVID ROSEBY and his three friends, Peter, Leslie and Jim, are the Secret Society of Leadbeaters. They collect ore from an old lead mine and make it into toys, which they sell for their Scouts' funds. On the way home from the mine one afternoon, David's pony is startled by a car containing two men. Carlington, who has just got off a bus, helps him to calm the pony, and says he is on holiday and looking for lodgings. David takes him home to his mother. Later in the evening it becomes clear that the men in the car are keeping Carlington under observation. The next morning, Carlington and David explore the stalactite caves near the lead mine. Carlington tells David that the real reason he has come to the mine is because his uncle, a Professor of Physics, has invented a substance more powerful than radium. Having to go abroad for some months, and knowing that two men are after it, he has hidden the formula in the cases, in a lead cylinder. Carlington and David cannot find the cylinder and Carlington says he must wait until his uncle drives down that afternoon with a plan of the caves.

David leaves Carlington and goes up to the leadbeaters' hut where he finds the two men from the car, Thompson and Riley. They explain that they are detectives on the look-out for two jewel thieves who have hidden their loot in the caves. That afternoon the Professor, driving down to meet Carlington, is waylaid by Thompson and Riley, but, in the struggle, throws away the plan. David finds the plan by chance, goes to the cave, and recovers the cylinder from behind the "Frozen Falls," replacing it with a similar one made of lead. Not certain who are the real criminals he hides the cylinder in his mother's kitchen.

From the Cradle to the Schoolroom . . .

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David finds the cylinder with the secret formula inside it

Later, the Professor escapes, having given Thompson and Riley a false clue as to the whereabouts of the cylinder in the caves. Carlington and the Professor take David with them to the caves, and, just as they recover the lead cylinder, are set upon by Riley and Thompson who make off with it. David is now certain which two men are the criminals and reassures Carlington and the Professor that the real cylinder is safe in the kitchen. In the meantime, however, the leadbeaters want the lead cylinder. Peter calls at the Rosebys, and Mrs. Roseby, unaware of the contents, hands him the Professor's cylinder. When David and the others reach home and learn that the Professor's cylinder is going to be melted down, they realise that the leadbeaters are in deadly danger, as the substance is highly explosive. They race up to the caves and reach the leadbeaters' hut just in time. The crooks, meanwhile, attempting to escape from the caves by the sea entrance, are cut off by the tide and have no alternative but to wait on the rocks for their arrest.

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Grand National
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